NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XV., No. 1. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, JANUARY 2, 1880. SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE LEOPOLD.

THE PRINCE WHO WOULD BE A MINISTER.

It is natural to associate thoughts of princes with battles on sea and land and political contests, but it is seldom that they are connected in our minds with the pulpit or the platform. These seem to be too pacific for kings or the sons of kings and queens. But Prince Leopold, the fourth son of Queen Victoria, has a taste for these things, and, it is said on very good authority, desires to enter the ministry. He has no profession as his elder brothers the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught, and, as he resides chiefly with the Queen, aids Her Majesty considerably in the transaction of business. He is fond of art and music and is of refined tastes. He entered as a student at Christ Church, Oxford, in the ordinary way, and studied there for three years on exactly the same footing as other students, with whom he mixed freely. An honorary degree was given him at the termination of his career. During the past two years he has given several addresses, which have received special attention and much commendation from the press. The last was at the formal opening of the Firth College at Sheffield, recently, when he recommended rich men in Sheffield and elsewhere to follow Mr. Firth's example in erecting and endowing educational institutions, on which largely depends the country's pro[illegible]w. He seems to have inherited the ta[illegible]ther, "Albert the Good," w[illegible] beginning to fill. May [illegible]g life and a pre-eminently useful o[illegible]

Temperance Department.

JOLLY JOE THE CARPENTER AND LITTLE KATE.

Joseph Jones, the carpenter—who was more commonly called by his comrades "Jolly Joe"—was one of those individuals who, though always earning good wages, are always poor. How he could therefore be called "Jolly Joe," deserves investigation. How could it be jolly for a mechanic to live in a meanly-furnished room, possessing hardly a necessary of life? It cannot be jolly to have no fender, no fire-irons, no washstand, no bed for the child four years old (save a made up one in the corner of the room), no decent bed-clothing for Jolly Joe and Jolly Joe's wife and little baby, no nice little ornaments on the chimney-piece, no carpet on the floor, no fire in the grate, no chairs save one, no singing kettle on the hob, and no bread in the cupboard. No; I don't see what jollity is to be had out of all these, especially when we remember that Joe's little one was very ill, and that he had no money, and more especially when we know that Joe's wife was ill as well and that the baby was very naturally in bed with her, and far from well also. Given a man who can get work, and who is free from any visitation of God which prevents him following his calling, and whose home presents such a scene as Jolly Joe's did on the foggy November evening of which we write, and most juries would give it as their opinion that unless his wife were a very bad woman, Jolly Joe was a drunkard. Now poor Mary Jones, lying ill in bed with her baby, was a good, thrifty soul, who made a shilling (when she got such an amazing sum) go farther than most folks, and so we must admit the truth that Jolly Joe drank. He was only Jolly Joe at "The Carpenters' Arms" round the corner, where his was the loudest voice, the strongest arm, the merriest song, the foulest oath, and the wildest threat. Away from his companions he was Miserable Joe; and on looking on the wreck his vice had made, he would seek refuge in "The Carpenters' Arms" once more, in place of the arms of those who loved him in spite of his faults.

And then little Kate, the little maiden of four years old, was sick unto death, and Joe loved her very much, for even drunkards can love; and so we may suppose that Joe was very anxious about her when he left the workshop on this dreary November night. And so he was. He had borrowed half-a-crown of one of his "mates" in case little Kate should require anything to tempt her failing appetite, and no one could have had firmer determination to do his duty for once in his life than had Jolly Joe.

But he and those who lived near him had to pass that "house round the corner," called "The Carpenters' Arms."

"Halloo, Joe, where are you going?"

Joe was walking straight on.

"Come on, Jolly Joe."

"No; my little girl is very ill," replied Joe "and the wife and baby are far from right. I can't come to-night, mates. I've only got what will do for us to-night. Little Kate may want a trifle of something nice, and the wife——"

"Oh, you come in here, Joe. We don't ask you to pay for anything. Come and have a glass to freshen you up, at our expense."

Still Joe hesitated. He did not consider who it was said that "the companion of fools shall be destroyed."

"Come along, Joe. Only one glass, and we'll drink her health."

And Joe went. Oh, for some to have whispered in his ear, if perchance he might have taken heed—"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." But with ungodly sinners and scornful ones Jolly Joe went and sat in their seat; he being, truth to tell, as scornful and ungodly as they. And then it was the old, old tale. Jolly Joe came out of "The Carpenters' Arms" drunk, a bottle of gin in his pocket to refresh him whilst sitting up with his little one, and worst of all, his half-crown expended. Joe was not so drunk but he could walk upright and talk steadily, and although poor Mary could tell from his breath (no drunkard can conceal this test) that he had been drinking, still she was thankful that he appeared able to nurse the little one.

"The doctor will be here soon, Joe. Please to make a fire for me. I have been with her until just now, and only came to bed to get five minutes' rest. You've got some coals, dear, haven't you?"

Jolly Joe had got no coals. If gin would have done, he could have accommodated his wife. So he stammered out an excuse, and poor Mary sighed and wearily closed her eyes, seeing too well how matters stood, only saying—"Look after Kate, Joe, for a few minutes, will you? She spoke to me just now."

So Joe the Jolly drew the candle to the edge of the table, and sat down to look after little Kate.

But Joe might snap his finger and thumb and chirrup all night without one answering sign or smile from little Kate. The dark hair now was bathed in perspiration, and the great black eyes gazed vacantly beyond Joe, and the sweet closed lips felt none of his kisses. Who knows whom those glorious eyes saw, or whose angel kisses fell on her lips also!

Then came the parish doctor: quick and very short in speech, for he had no time to lose, but a kind-hearted man for all that.

He felt the child's pulse, and laid his hand upon her head.

"Rubbed that ointment in?"

"Yes, sir," faintly replied Mary.

"Eat anything?"

"No, sir—her teeth are clenched."

"Spoken lately?"

"Just now, sir; but not in her natural voice."

The doctor stooped down and examined the little one's mouth.

"Make some strong beef-tea. Get, say a pound of good beaf-steak. Boil it down until you get half a pint of strong liquor, and give it to the child during the night. Do it at once, and I shall look in again before morning. Can you afford it? It is too late now, I fear, to get it from the workhouse." And the good doctor's hand went into his pocket.

"I—I—can afford it," said the ashamed Jolly Joe.

"Do so then, and immediately, if you want to save the child. And see you give it to her, even a drop at a time, and be thankful if you get her to take even that."

"All right," quoth Joe.

"And keep sober, sir," returned the doctor, "for a man like you is a poor nurse for a tender thing like that. Were it not that I am sorry for your wife and children, I would have reported your doings to the authorities. As it is, I regard your child as my own patient; so don't brag in the public-house that you can make me do as you please, as I hear you have been doing. You are more than half drunk now, sir; take care you get no worse. Mrs. Jones, you lie still, and see your husband follows out my directions. I will see to you before morning." And the bustling doctor patted the baby on the head and left.

"You've got the money for the beef, love?"

"Oh, lots. A pound did he say?"

"And coals?"

"Quite enough. You see I forgot——"

"Forgot Kate! Oh, Joe——"

"No, not forgot. But look here, I'll go at once."

"Come here first, Joe."

"Yes, love."

"Don't get any more to drink; I feel so very ill. Think of little Kate."

"Don't worrit yourself, dear. Trust to me." And Jolly Joe really meant it.

In the street Jolly Joe thought much as follows—"Surely I can get credit for a pound of beef and a hundred of coals, or if not I can borrow another half-crown. I wish this gin was at Jericho; but then I've spent my money now, and can't get it back again. Oh, poor little Kate!"

Ay, poor little Kate, indeed, when the butcher would not trust the drunkard, the coal-dealer would not trust the drunkard, and his besotted companions were too intoxicated to listen to the drunkard.

Oh, poor little Kate, indeed, when he came home with empty hands, and raking the ashes of the dead fire together, got them into something like a glow, and making sure that his wife was sleeping, quite confident that he was fulfilling his errand, pulled out his bottle of gin and drank his fill.

Not long did the anxious mother doze.

"You got them, Joe?"

"There's the fire. You go to sleep; I'll look after Kate."

"No, I'll get up soon. Cut it up, Joe, and put it in the pan, with just a little water in it; I shall not be long before I come to look after it. Oh, look after Kate for me for once, Joe, for I feel so very ill. And I've watched her so many nights that I do crave for a little rest now you are at home. Is the beef on?"

"Directly; all in good time."

Mary knew something was wrong by the tone of Jolly Joe's voice, and by a strong effort rose. There were the dying cinders, and there was not the beef.

There was just another thing. One strong maternal effort to reach the little form lying so still on its ragged bed, and then nature had her way, and Joe lifted the insensible form back to the bed where the now sleeping baby lay, and lifting his bottle again to his lips, snuffed the candle and sat down against his child to nurse her.

Ah, poor little Kate! The great solemn eyes were now gazing still more earnestly at some unknown object far beyond, and when the thick drooping lashes fell, they only fell to reveal the glorious eyes again—eyes which never fell on Joe, but which seemed searching for something which they had lost for a moment and hoped to find again.

She wanted support; Joe could get her no beef-tea. Would gin do as well? Of course it would. It warmed and cheered him, and would do for the child. Of course it would.

Drop by drop, and then by the instrumentality of a teaspoon, did Joe pour the fluid down,—meaning well, no doubt, and taking a gulp at the medicine now and then to prove to himself how well he meant.

"Why, she's better already."

"Where's Kate?" said a feeble voice. It was Mary's.

"Come and look, old girl. Why, here she is, as well as ever she was."

"Let me see her. Oh, Joe, you have broken my heart! And I so ill too."

"Better than ever, I tell you."

Jolly Joe did not at all exaggerate. A slight quiver ran through the little frame, then the pale face flushed to fade again, the dark eyes flickered, the thick black lashes closed, and lo! poor little Kate was indeed better than ever. She was better, for she was dead!

The doctor entered, and leading the weeping mother to her bed, gently made her lie down, and placed her baby in her arms; then kneeling by the body of the child examined it, and mournfully drew the coverlid over its face.

"Joseph Jones, you can't deceive me. You've been giving that child spirits."

"Well, you see, sir, we had no money."

"Not for her! No——"

"And I thought gin would do as well."

"I knew it; and you have murdered her," whispered the doctor. "Hush! go and attend to your wife, if you are sober enough, and let me consider whether a coroner's jury ought not to send you to trial for this."

But Jolly Joe was fast asleep; and the good doctor sat alone with the living and the dead, until the dull grey dawn broke, and dead and living were confided to other hands.

It was time, indeed, for Joe to give up the bottle, and he did it; but in his agony he afterwards told the writer what his experience at the funeral was, and nothing more awful can be imagined. Sentences in the beautiful service for the burial of the dead seemed to sound as though some whisper in his ear supplemented them, so as to accuse him of being a murderer.

Thus, without irreverence, we give a few instances. The man's name was not Joseph Jones, but that is all the alteration made in the story. To him, according to his own account, some of the burial service was as follows:—

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away—by the hands of her father—blessed be the name of the Lord."

"Man that is born of a women hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery—by the hands of her father."

"Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear sister here departed—by the hands of her father."

These instances are enough to show the unavailing agony of the man's mind.

It was not too late to repent, but it was too late to bring the little child to life again, and for as long as I knew him afterwards, Jolly Joe was Jolly Joe no more. He would spend his spare time in visiting the dead girl's grave and shedding tears of bitter penitence over it, kissing the ground under which he thought her lips might lie, and stroking the turf as he had often stroked the dark tresses from her brow. He would burst into tears in the street until people took him for a madman, and in agonies of grief cast himself down on the place where she had died, and refuse to be comforted. But all this never brought poor little Kate to life again, and it is as well so. She had had an unconscious mission, and all unconsciously it was well performed. Treading with tiny footsteps the glittering streets of Jerusalem the Golden, she rejoiced at wearing the victor's crown whilst hardly feeling the soldier's cross.

But what a lesson for us! Are you a drunkard! Then, in all affection, we bid you take warning. You may go on sacrificing fortune, health, reputation, and friends, and then may go to the public-house and say that you may as well "make merry," for you have nothing else to lose, then the thing you loved so well and thought most secure may by taken from you, as was poor little Kate from Jolly Joe, and words of love being wasted, you may be driven from vice with a whip of scorpions.—*British Workman.*

SMOKING ALCOHOL.—It is not generally known that alcohol is used in the manufacture of cigars, but it is a fact. The cigars that won the prize medal at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia are sprinkled with New England rum. Brandy and wine are used in some brands, and the fatal alcohol in nearly, if not all. I have taken the trouble to ascertain these facts, and to verify them. I had long known that there was an intimate relation between tobacco and alcohol—hence, beside the saloon, there is sure to be a cigar store; but it was not until I found that men attempting to reform were forced to throw away their cigars, in order to succeed, that I began to look carefully into the matter. The case is now plain; every man who puts a cigar in his mouth has some of the effects of alcohol. No doubt this is one of the reasons why it is so hard for some smokers to give up the habit; and why it is so common for smokers to become drunkards. It is time the light of truth was let in upon this whole business.—*Watchword.*

MAKING HEALTHY HOMES.

Some eminent sanitary reformers gave expression to their opinions on many matters of general interest, recently at Croydon. The annual Congress of the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain has met this year in that town, and has also held an exhibition of sanitary appliances, which was brought to a close by a crowded meeting in the Public Hall. It is said that the Exhibition included the best collection of sanitary inventions and appliances ever brought together within a small compass. The chair was taken by that sturdy champion of sanitation, Dr. B. W. Richardson. The Doctor offered to his hearers a few "golden rules" for securing health at home. Whether a home be large or small, he would say, "Give it light!" There was no home so likely to be unhealthy as a dark and gloomy one. A few hundred years ago it became a fashion, for reasons it was very hard to divine, to place sick people in dark and closely-curtained bedrooms. The practice, he said, was, to some extent, continued to this day. When a person went to bed with sickness, it was often the first thing to pull down the blinds of the windows, to set up dark blinds, or, if there be Venetian blinds, to close them. Said the redoubtable Doctor: "In sickness and in health—in infancy, youth, middle age, and old age—in all seasons, for the benefit of the mind and the welfare of the body, sunlight is a bearer and sustainer of health." Sleep was next enjoined; and artificial lights were condemned as injurious. "The fewer hours after dark that were spent in artificial light the better; and the sooner they went to bed after dark the better." It may be interesting to some of our readers to know what Dr. Richardson says upon the subject of the length of sleep. We require in the cold season of winter, he observes, when nights are long, much more of sleep than in summer. He holds that on the longest day in the year seven hours of sleep are sufficient for most men and women who are in the prime of life, but that on the shortest day nine hours is not over much; and that for those who are weakly, ten, or even twelve, hours, may be taken with advantage. Dr. Richardson frankly admitted that it was wrong at the present season that his hearers should be at that meeting, robbing themselves of sleep. "It was as wrong as ever it could be, that our Legislature should often be sitting up as they did, night after night, trying against life to legislate for life. It was foolish, too, that public writers and editors should be called on to exercise their craft at a time when all their nature was calling out to them "Rest." Dr. Richardson then proceeded to advert to the subject of beds and bed-rooms. He insisted that each person should have a separate bed; which bed should be neither very soft nor very hard; while the furniture of the room should be as simple as possible. "At the Industrial Schools, at Anerley every scholar had his or her own bed; and the wise authorities there—who had improved the health of the children under their charge until the mortality was reduced to three in 1,000 annually—told him that few things had contributed so much to the grand results they had achieved, as the one practice of having a separate bed for every child." Passing on to other golden rules, Dr. Richardson advised a daily bath with cold water in the summer and tepid water in winter. He enjoined also the maintenance of an equal temperature in the house, of sixty degrees; and required a system of complete household cleansing once a-year.—*London Christian World.*

THE CONSUMPTION OF SMOKE.

As our manufacturing works are starting up afresh all over the country, a demand is renewed through the newspapers for some method to prevent the smoke nuisance in our manufacturing towns and cities.

It would seem not to be a difficult problem to solve, and *The Factory and Farm* pertinently enquires if some wise man will inform it why smoke may not be consumed if means are applied to that end. A smoke consumer that will burn the smoke before it leaves the fire bed or pot will reduce the consumption of fuel anywhere up to about one-half. Not alone because the combustion of smoke supplies fuel, but because the burning of the smoke prevents the lodgment of soot on the surfaces where heat is to strike; and less fire will produce greater results because a smoked or sooty surface is a non-conductor of heat, and it requires a fire at its greatest intensity to produce the required amount of heat.

Numerous devices have been studied up to fulfil the requirements, all perhaps with some merit, but none of them, as far as real tests have been made, being successful. So many have been tried and not proved of any real value, that manufacturers despair of being able to secure such a device, and are not in a mood to even try anything more no matter how full of promise it may be; and yet actual experiment is the only thing that will demonstrate the success or failure of any plan proposed.

If the genius of this country cannot relieve the cities of the everlasting cloud of smoke and reduce the expense for fuel, it would seem there was degeneration and an early limit found to the ability of mechanical skill. The invention of a smoke consuming appliance would not only be a fortune to the inventor, but a blessing to those who dwell in large towns and cities.—*Scientific American.*

THE FIRES OF ST. ELMO.

An interesting example of the fires of St. Elmo was seen recently in the Jura above St. Cergues. The sky was dark and stormy. The air was thick with clouds, out of which darted at intervals bright flashes of lightning. At length one of these clouds, seeming to break loose from the mountains between Nyon and the Dole, advanced in the direction of a storm which had, meanwhile, broken out over Morges. The sun was hidden and the country covered with thick darkness. At this moment the pine forest round St. Cergues was suddenly illuminated, and shone with a light bearing a striking resemblance to the phosphorescence of the sea as seen in the tropics. The light disappeared with every clap of thunder, but only to reappear with increased intensity until the subsidence of the tempest. M. Raoul Pictet, who was one of the witnesses of the phenomenon, thus explains it in the last number of the *Archives des Sciences Physiques et Naturelles:* Before the appearance of this fire of St. Elmo, which covered the whole of the forest, it had rained several minutes during the first part of the storm. The rain had converted the trees into conductors of electricity. Then, when the cloud, strongly charged with the electric fluid, passed over this multitude of points, the discharges were sufficiently vivid to give rise to the luminous appearance. The effect was produced by the action of the electricity of the atmosphere on the electricity of the earth, an effect which, on the occasion in question, was considerably increased by the height of the locality, the proximity of a storm cloud, and the action of the rain, which turned all the trees of the forest into conductors.

A Botanical Usurper.—A curious instance of the invasion of a country by a plant of foreign origin is seen in the history of the mango in Jamaica. In 1782 specimens of the cinnamon, jack-fruit and mango were sent to the Botanic Garden of the island. There the cinnamon was carefully fostered, but proved to be difficult of culture in the island; while the mango, which was neglected, became in eleven years as common as the orange, spreading over lowlands and mountains, from the sea-level to 5,000 feet elevation. On the abolition of slavery, immense tracts of land, especially coffee plantations, relapsed into a state of nature, and the mango being a favorite fruit with the blacks its stones were flung everywhere, giving rise to groves along the roadsides and around the settlements; and the fruit of these, again rolling down hill, gave rise to forests in the valleys. The effect of this spread of the mango has been to cover hundreds of thousands of acres, and to ameliorate the climate of what were dry and barren districts by producing moisture and shade, and by retaining the rainfalls that had previously evaporated; all this, besides affording food for several months of the year to both negroes and horses.

Singing Mice.—The singing power of the mouse has often been remarked, and is by some writers attributed to a disease of the vocal organs, probably from its being so rare; but the fact seems to be that it is the natural result of the tiny animal being a dweller in close proximity to a loudly-singing bird, to whose calls it responds with one of its more shrill squeaks, and then by degrees possessing a strong imitative faculty, acquires the power of modulating its little voice till it produces a very fair copy of the bird's song. The proof of this would not be very difficult to any one who cared to keep as tame pets a few dozen mice, even as some children keep white mice. Three or four good singing-birds should be kept in the same room, and the probabilities are that out of the little rodent family one or two would prove adepts in the vocal art.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

Fever and Ague.—There are some situations where fever and ague prevails every season, and this is the case in the vicinity of creeks and swamps. An acquaintance of ours, who has resided for several years on one of these creeks, never has had a single case of fever and ague in his family, while all his neighbors have been more or less affected with it every season. He attributes his immunity from this troublesome disease to the use of a good fire in his house every chilly and damp night in summer and fall. When the Indians travel at night or early in the morning in swampy regions they cover their nose and mouth with some part of their garments to warm the air which they inhale, and this they say prevents chills and fevers.—*Scientific American.*

Air as a Stimulant.—The exciting and stimulating properties of pure oxygen are well-known, and every one has felt the invigorating influence of fresh air, yet no practical application has been made of these beneficial properties of a substance so cheap and universal. When the body is weak, the brain fatigued, and the whole system in a state of lassitude, just go into the open air, take a few vigorous inspirations and expirations, and the effect will be instantly perceived. The individual trying the experiment will feel invigorated and stimulated, the blood will course with freshness, the lungs will work with increased activity, the whole frame will feel revivified, and nature's stimulant will be found the best.—*Scientific American.*

Is Alum Poisonous?—Dr. Hall's *Journal of Health*, in a recent issue, says: "This question has caused a good deal of discussion. Alum is used by many bakers to whiten their bread, enabling them to use an inferior flour. It is more extensively employed as a cheap substitute for cream of tartar in the manufacture of baking powders. It has not been considered immediately dangerous; although, if continued, it induces dyspepsia and obstinate constipation. But the fact that many cases of poisoning have occurred from baking powders which contained alum puts the question in a more serious aspect, and prudent people will exercise caution in the selection of baking powders.

The Children of Rum Drinkers.—Dr. Martin, of the *Saltpetriere*, Paris, has made a series of interesting observations on nervous affections among the offspring of alcoholic parents. His results may be summed up as follows: In 83 families in which one or more members showed nervous excitability with a history of alcoholic origin, there were 410 children. Of these, 108—more than a quarter—had convulsions, and in the year 1874, 169 were dead; 241 were still alive, but 83, *i. e.*, more than one-third of the survivors, were epileptic.

Kangaroo-Tongues.—Australian kangaroos have for many years been killed in immense numbers for the sake of their tails and hides, the former being made into soup and the latter into leather. Quite recently a Warroo settler conceived the happy idea of drying the tongues of the slaughtered animals in smoke, after the manner of Russian reindeer-tongues, and then exporting them. A new delicacy has thus found its way into the London market, and a great waste of nourishing food has been prevented.

Lockjaw.—Take a red-hot coal from the fire and pour sweet oil (olive oil) on it; then hold the wounded part over the thick smoke, as near as possible without burning. It will be necessary to repeat the operation two or three times a day. This remedy has been known to cure after the jaws had commenced to get stiff.

DOMESTIC.

MAKE THE BOYS USEFUL AT HOME.

We have always thought that if boys were encouraged and taught to do something at home, they would not so often be tempted into the great arena of vice which lies in the outside world. Many a boy would rather stay at home, if there were anything he could do. But, if he hammers it is noisy, and everything he does makes too much noise; his boots are heavy; he slams the doors; he is rough in his ways and unpopular in the house. Why? Because all the influences brought to bear upon him teach him that it is unmanly for him to do girls' work, or act in any way like a girl. Consequently, he assumes a manner which he thinks directly opposite. No boy can stand being called "womanish," even by those whose opinion in other matters he does not respect, unless he has been judiciously trained to cultivate the finer tastes of his nature, and finds in the pleasure which comes to him from what he accomplishes in this direction, strength to resist the allurements of evil.

Why not then teach your sons and daughters to draw and design together, let vocal and instrumental music be taught to them together, and encourage them to do all sorts of fancy work together? Urge them to decorate their own rooms with their own handiwork, appreciate and praise everything that gives evidence of genius, even if slight. Oaks were once acorns, you know, and small things are not to be despised. Especially praise the boys. The commendation of the mother [redacted] loving pride of a sister has saved [redacted] and held him to his allegi[redacted] spite of temptations [redacted]

We never coule[redacted], physically stronger, and better[redacted] to bear fatigue than his sister, should be brought up to think it quite beneath him to take the slightest share in the general work of the household.

The girls are all pressed into service (or ought to be) and taught to sweep, make beds, wash china and silver, to cook, etc. Why should the boys be left quite out of the reckoning and required to do nothing, save perhaps, an occasional tardy and ungracious errand. Why should he not pick up his own things, brush his own clothes, keep his room in order? Why should he be taught to expect his mother and sisters to wait on him, or to make the servants dance attendance to his whims? No wonder such a boy grows up a tyrannical, disagreeable inmate of the family. Domestic life will never have for him, when he grows to be a man the charms that it might, had he been trained in his youth to share in its duties. Were home life made thus attractive, by a general co-operation of all the members in its interest, if all shared its cares, and added to its pleasure by contributing of their taste and accomplishments, how delightful it would be.—*Cor. Christian Intelligencer.*

Marble Statues.—Fine marble should not be handled—sculptors say that the oil in the hand discolors the marble. However true that may be, fine statues are often yellowed by being washed improperly. Only pure cold water should be used, and a painter's brush employed to wash them. If carefully dusted with a feather duster every day, marble statuary should not need washing more than twice a year. They need gauze covers in summer. If any insect gets to them, alcohol will be needed to remove the stain, but never use soap or warm water. The light, so say good artists, should fall on statuary from such a height as to leave but a hair's breadth between the shade of the nose and the upper outline of the upper lip.

Beefsteak with Tomato Sauce.—Take a dozen and a half tomatoes, scald and skin them, then stew them slowly in a half a pint of good beef gravy; season and add one onion cut up fine—if liked. Stew for one hour. When done, broil a nice steak very carefully and quickly; and as soon as done, put it into a hot platter; spread butter over it, season with salt and pepper, and then pour the sauce boiling hot over the steak, and serve hot.

Plain Plum-Pudding.—Three teacupfuls of flour, one of molasses, one of chopped suet, one of raisins, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a little cinnamon, and nutmeg. Boil or steam three or four hours.

A THORNY PATH.

(By Hesba Stretton, author of "Jessica's First Prayer," Etc.)

CHAPTER III.—*(Continued.)*

But her dread grew stronger every moment. Coming upon a place in the wall where the boys had pulled out some of the bricks in order to climb up it, she placed her feet in the lowest hole, and laid the baby safely on the green turf above it. It was easy then to make her way into the empty and silent glades of the Gardens.

There was something very wild and mournful about this solitude in the heart of the din and tumult of London. Here were no familiar lamp-lights sending streams of brightness down into the deep shadows which surrounded her. Her weary feet caught against the roots of the trees. Not a footstep beside her own broke the stillness, which seemed more still because of the distant roll of wheels and the busy sounds of city life, which came, as it were, from afar to her ears. She felt as if she was in some other w[illegible]darker, cold-[illegible] sadder [illegible]one she [illegible]left, [illegible]ut the sky, and [illegible]er than it could ever be. She could not hurry on her search, for her limbs felt stiff, and the baby lay like a dead weight on her bosom. But yet she crawled along, shivering and heavy-hearted, to the spot where she had left her father and her little girl.

There was nothing to be seen when she reached the narrow by-path. But through the trees the water in the Round Pond, where children float their little boats by day, gleamed with a pale and ghostly light. In the dead hush of the place she could hear the tiny waves lapping against the stonework which inclosed them. Was it impossible that the blind old man and the little child she had forsaken might have strayed this way and fallen into the sullen water? She recollected hearing of an aged workman having lost his way in a fog, whose corpse had been found there. She paced round and round the great pond, feeling half-asleep and half-dead, yet compelled to pore, now and then, over some speck floating on the surface, too far off to be distinguished clearly. Was that's Dot's white little face showing just above the water, where the pale light seemed to lie? Or could it be her father's gray head? Or was it merely the reflection of some break in the clouds, which she could not see where she was standing?

Then, with a moan, she turned away to seek those she had lost among the trees; and fancying she could catch some sign of them, as she searched behind one big black, thick trunk after another. It did not seem long since she had played at hide-and-seek with Dot round the same trees—only that was in the summer sunshine, and whilst her husband looked on at the game. Was this search only a terrible dream? Once or twice she came upon a heap of leaves gathered about the roots of a tree, which looked almost like the figure of a prostrate man stretched upon the damp ground. If she could find her father and Dot lying dead somewhere, all she felt was a dull desire to lie down beside them, and die too.

But her search was in vain. Sometimes she sat down to rest on the seats, and seemed to sleep a little while; but as soon as she aroused herself, she set out once more on her wandering round the glimmering yet black pool, and in and out among the dark, moaning trees. Now and then she called, though her voice, unknown to herself, never rose above a whisper. That strange, wild whisper, "Father, Little Dot!" could not reach any ears. No ear but God's could catch that cry; no eye but His could see her misery.

There was not a sign of daybreak when the gates were opened at five o'clock in the morning. The sun would not rise for nearly three hours yet; but Hagar felt herself disturbed by the occasional tread of a workman going past on his day's labor. As in a dream she made her way to one of the gates to the north of the Gardens. She was benumbed and bewildered. The baby had been moaning for the last few hours, and though the low, mournful sound filled her ears, she felt unable to do anything to lull and hush it. She did not know where she was going, or what she was to do. Like one blind and deaf she staggered on into the road, still as dark as midnight; when suddenly she heard the rattle of wheels close upon her, mingled with the trampling of a horse's hoofs, and the angry shout of its driver. But it was too late; she was already under the horse's feet, and knew and felt nothing beyond that.

CHAP. IV. A DAY OF SADNESS.

At five o'clock in the morning there were not many people about, yet a little knot of working men and women quickly gathered about the cab. The driver had been driving fast, counting upon the road being clear at such an hour, and he found it impossible to pull his horse up in time. A man, dressed in the uniform of a railway guard, sprang in an instant from the cab, and was the first to pull Hagar and her baby from under the frightened and plunging horse.

"It's a woman," he cried, "with a child in her arms!"

A policeman marched up briskly to the spot, and turned the bright side of his lamp upon Hagar's face. The guard had lifted her out of the road on to the curbstone, and kneeling down, was keeping her from sinking to the ground. The light fell upon her worn and haggard features, and the thin, drenched clothing clinging to her form. There was no sign of life about her, though her arms still clasped the baby tightly to her bosom. But the baby's pitiful wail had ceased forever.

"Both dead!" said the policeman.

"God forbid!" exclaimed the railway-guard, whose face wore an expression of anxiety. "Look here; take her sharp to the hospital, and lose no time about it. My name's Abbott; everybody knows me at Paddington. I'm just in with the night train, and my poor mother's on her deathbed. She was dying last night, when I started from Birkenhead, and I was hurrying home to see her once again, if she's alive yet. But here, lift the poor creature into the cab; I'll go home afoot. I'll come and see after her by-and-by."

He placed Hagar in charge of a woman who had been passing by on her way to work, and staying for a moment to watch the cab start off in the direction of the hospital, he started hurriedly onward to the home where his mother had been dying all the night, or was now lying dead. It had seemed a very hard and sorrowful thing to think of during the long hours of the journey, as the train he had charge of was rushing through the darkness, although to him it had seemed moving almost at a snail's pace. That had been his mode of life for several years; running down to Birkenhead one day, and coming back the next; spending only every other night, and every other Sunday at home. It was a life that suited him, for he was active, and loved variety. He had found no fault with it until now, when his old mother, dearer to him than any other human being, was lying at death's door, and might have crossed the threshold with no last, loving smile for him on her face, and no last good-by from her dear lips.

Abbott turned into a quiet and pleasant street, dark this November morning, but in summer days, when he came home at the same early hour, peaceful and shady, with trees planted before many of the houses, and flowers blooming on the window-sills. He and his mother had chosen to live here, in the area-floor of a large house, rather than in a higher story of a dwelling in closer and busier streets. The upper portion of the house was occupied by a distant relative of theirs, who was a dressmaker. A few steps led down to their own separate door in the area, where some red leaves still fluttered on the Virginia creeper, which had made their front window green and shady in the late summer time. The front room was a large and pleasant kitchen; whilst the back room, where his mother slept, looked out on a little plot of grass, kept green and cool by her constant care of it. His own bed-chamber was up in the attics, to which he had to pass through his cousin's part of the house, where it was as quiet as it could be in London, for his sleep through the morning hours. He had a latch-key to the area door, though it had been

HEAD OF MAORI CHIEF.

seldom that he had not found his mother up, and his breakfast ready for him, as long as she had been able to get about at all. But this morning the place was dark as he turned his key carefully, and stepped noiselessly into the passage, with the cautious step of one who is afraid of disturbing some light sleeper. As he closed the door, his cousin appeared on the threshold of his mother's room, looking out with eyes red with weeping.

"She's just going," she whispered; "you'd have been too late in another few minutes. She's been almost fretting for you to come."

Abbott knelt down and kissed his mother's white face.

"Mother," he said, "are you going to leave me alone?"

"Ay alone, my lad!" she murmured, "yet not alone, because God is with thee! Thou know'st that?"

"Surely," he answered, "surely! Hasn't He been with you and with me all our lives? But it will be lonesome, mother. Never to see your dear face, and never to hear your dear voice! We've been so happy together, mother."

"Ay, he's been a good son, Lord," said the dying woman, fondly; "never a rough word from him, and never a cross look. Lord, Thou'lt bless him, and abide with him, and bring him safe to me when his time comes. I leave him with Thee, Lord."

"I shall come, mother; I shall come," said Abbott. "That's a good hope," he sobbed.

"A good hope," she repeated, smiling. Her wrinkled but placid face was as tranquil as it had ever been when she was falling asleep for the night, and her dim, sunken eyes gazed into his face with all the old fondness and cheerfulness he had been used to see there. Her hand rested in his, and tried to clasp it tightly for a minute or two; but very soon the feeble pressure ceased, and the withered fingers grew cold. Then the eyelids drooped over the failing eyes, and her voice fell very softly on his ear.

"I'm going—but he will—come—to me," she faltered. It was all over; and a few minutes afterwards, Abbott mounted the long staircase to his little attic under the roof. The day was not breaking yet, and the fog was growing thicker over the city. He sat down on the side of his bed, and rested his head upon his hands, with a dreary sense of utter loneliness pressing down upon him. From the day that his father died, twenty-five years ago, when he was a boy of ten, he had never spent any long portion of his life aloof from his mother. He had lived with her and worked for her. She had been a calm-tempered, wise-hearted woman; and the simple, perfect love of mother and son had never been disturbed between them. And now she was gone, and he was alone—with no one to think of on his journeyings to and fro, and no home to come back to at the close of each. For a home with no human companionship would be no home to him.

"I shall go to her, but she will not return to me," he kept repeating slowly and mechanically to himself. He thought of Christ raising to life again the young man at Nain, who "was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow," and he thanked God for having spared him to his own widowed mother, whose life had been a happy and a peaceful one. But he could not as yet realize that she was actually gone; that the place down-stairs was empty. He crept quietly down again, and stood in the dark passage, listening to the voices and movements of the women in his mother's room. There was nothing he could do, not even go in and sit down beside the bed, and look at the grave and tranquil face, sleeping its last sleep. At last the thought of the poor woman, knocked down, perhaps killed, on his way home, flashed across his mind.

(To be Continued.)

TATTOOING.

What a hideous-looking face! And yet I think the Maori chief who is so decorated believes that he has improved his appearance by the lines he has imprinted on his face. That wonderful pattern would take from two to three years to complete, for only a little can be done at a time because of the inflammation and suffering which it causes. You will easily believe this when you understand how the work is done. The pattern is drawn on the face, and then as the patient lies on his back, with his head between the knees of the operator, an inch or two is cut along one of the lines right through the skin, and some black color is rubbed into the wound. The work is done with little tools made of teeth or bird's bones, and these are driven into the flesh with taps of a small mallet. The wound thus made, with the black color rubbed into it, makes the face and neck to swell, and the process cannot go on until the part already done is healed. Then the skin forms over the place, and the black line shows through. It is said that one man was brave or foolish enough to have the whole done at once, and that he died in consequence directly afterwards. But this custom is going out of fashion since the missionaries have begun their work in New Zealand, and the once savage people have heard the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ which is so familiar to all those who read the MESSENGER, and who, we hope, do something each year to spread it to the remotest part of the world.

A NEW OPTICAL DELUSION.

Mr. Sylvanus P. Thompson, Professor of Physics at University College, Bristol, England, showed a very strange optical delusion at the last meeting of the Société Francaise. On examining the discovery of Mr. Thompson, it will be found to consist of two distinct and remarkable appearances, which you can prove by the annexed engravings. The

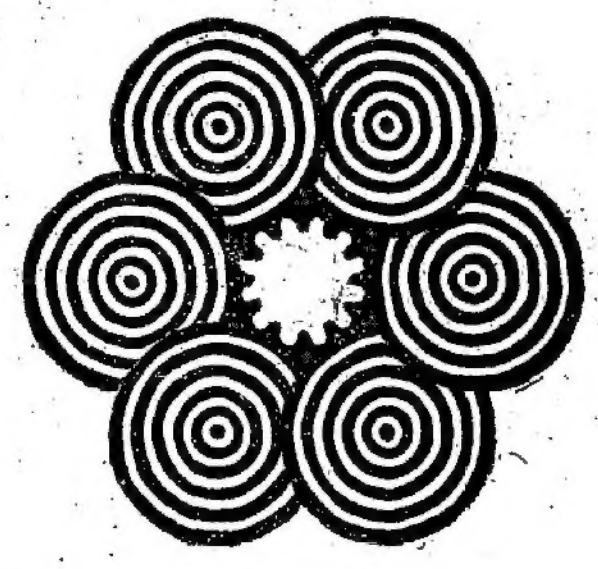

FIGURE 3.

first circle, which has the appearance of whirling round, consists of a number of rings described around the same centre and about one-twentieth of an inch wide and the same distance apart (fig. 1). It is not positively necessary to have the lines of this size or at this distance apart, for they can be varied to suit the audience that is to look at the experiments. If the picture is moved by the hand in a small circle without turning it entirely round, or if it is given the same motion as that required to rinse a pail, the circles will move round in the direction in which the drawing is moved, and will complete one turn round at the same time that the drawing completes one circular movement.

For the second experiment a black circle is drawn, on the inner side of which are a number of teeth at equal distances from each other (fig. 2). The drawing being moved in the manner above described, the toothed circle will also go round, but in the opposite direction. The movements are very interesting when the figures are combined as in fig. 3. The same result is obtained with other concentric curves as well as with circles. By means of a photographic picture on glass seen by a light shining through it, Mr. Thompson was able to throw the

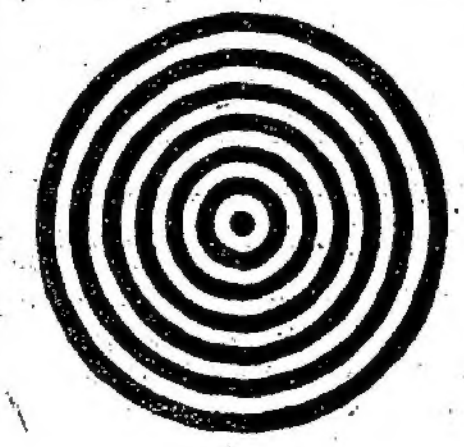

FIGURE 1.

figure on a screen on a very large scale. The glass plate being moved as before described, the figures on the screen were caused to go round. In this case also, each circle seemed to turn around its own centre.

No explanation can as yet be given for these curious and interesting facts. Mr. Thompson does not think that the power which the r or part of the eye images, has of time, can mear bring forward a theory, Mr. Thompson thinks best to compare this with some other well-known remarkable appearances, from which a new power may be shown to belong to the eye.

Brewster and Adams have described remarkable appearances which are equally curious, and of the same kind as those of Mr. Thompson. They say the eye has the property of "compensation," that is, if an object or a movement acts upon the eye for a certain time, a sensation completing the real action is produced. For instance, if we look at the rocks in a cascade and at the water alternately for a short time, the rocks will seem to move upwards; or, if we examine a stream below a water-fall or cascade, we will notice that the

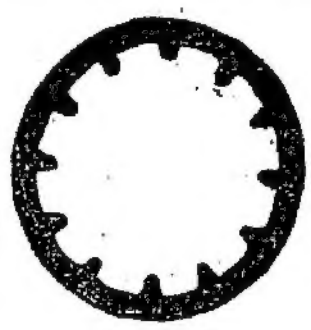

FIGURE 2.

water flows much faster in the middle than at the sides of the stream. If we look at the middle and sides alternately, the water will seem to flow backward. These are a few of the remarkable appearances that might be compared with those of Mr. Thompson, and which may arise from a common cause.

The Family Circle.

THE GOOD GREAT MAN.

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honor and wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It seems a story from the world of spirits
When any man obtains that which he merits,
Or any merits that which he obtains.

For shame, my friend! renounce this idle strain!
What wouldst thou have a great good man obtain?
Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,
Or heaps of corses which his sword hath slain?
Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.

Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures—love and light,
And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;
And three fast friends, more sure than day or night—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THY BROTHER'S KEEPER.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

It had been an unusually busy day with Mr. Archer, of Archer, Ames & Co. As a rule, he, as senior member of firm, was spared most of the h... his life, th... y no... wer... ne... ceps... at the same time... his ...by, there was a worried loo... ...pon his ... which did not long escape his wife's ...yes.

"Henry, I have not seen you look so tired in a long time. Has anything happened?" she asked, as soon as the servants had left them alone.

"Yes, I have decided to turn off one of our clerks. He has not been with us very long—not over a year—but it is the first time one of our fellows has disgraced himself, and it has upset me. Then they've elected me as one of the trustees of that new Home for Disabled Clerks, and I had to attend a meeting to-day. The fact of the matter is, I can't think how such a fine fellow as Clark could have done it."

"Done what, dear?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you! Come to the office drunk. Not just a little under the influence of liquor, but drunk!"

"And he was always steady!"

"Perfectly so, since I met him. He came well recommended and gave good satisfaction; so good that we were thinking of raising his salary."

"How old a man is he?"

"Anywhere between thirty and forty."

"Married?"

"I don't know—yes, come to think of it, he is, for he lost a child a while ago."

Mrs. Archer heaved a sigh. She had her own notions of the relations between employers and employed, but her husband, when she hinted at them, always told her they were most unbusiness-like. "Never let business and charity interfere," he would say. "I am glad to aid any good cause, to help any struggling man or woman, but it must be outside of business. My clerks are mere machines to me—if they run well, I retain them; if not, they go."

Yet, being a warm-hearted man, Mr. Archer was not quite consistent, and it grieved him deeply to turn away a clerk in disgrace. "A quick fellow. Such a good correspondent. Isn't one in the office writes a hand like him!" he kept muttering, as he sat sipping his coffee and peeling fruit for his wife.

The front door-bell rang, just as Mr. Archer was refusing a second cup of coffee, and John announced, "A lady, on business, sir."

"Ask her name, John. I am tired, and unless it is something very important, I shall see no one."

"Mrs. Clark, sir, and she dislikes troubling you, but the matter is important."

"His wife!" exclaimed Mrs. Archer, while her husband frowned almost angrily. "Let her come in here, dear. She may not have come to tease you, only to explain. Don't send her off without a hearing. Do you mind my being in the next room while you see her?"

"No, indeed, and if you were not so soft-hearted I would engage you to come in at the right moment to send her off. I can't stand a woman's tears." Then stepping to the door Mr. Archer added, "Show the lady in here, John."

A moment more and a young woman came in. Her dress was most severely simple, but was such as only a lady would have devised, and her manner, though nervous, was of one accustomed to move among cultivated people.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Archer, for calling at this hour, but I could not wait through a long night."

The voice was so sweet and low and the eyes that were raised to his so full of patient endurance and quiet determination that Mr. Archer said to himself, "Confound the fellow! How could he do it with such a wife?" But he was not a man of ready speech, and though feeling more kindly to his guest, did not say a work to help her on.

"My husband will not explain matters to you—he thinks you might fancy he was excusing himself, and he and I both know that no man has any real excuse, though—" her voice broke a little, but she recovered herself, clasping her hands tight together, and began again.

"I will tell you the exact truth—the story of our married life, and though I hardly hope it will make any difference to us, it may be the means of your saving others,—at least I have felt impelled to come and tell it. We were very happy the first year or two, but my husband, through the ...ilure of the firm he was with, lost his ...osition. He was offered another clerkship, but a relative of mine was willing to take him into business as a partner, and—it was tempting—he accepted. This relative was unmarried and after six months, tiring of the business, he sold out, and as affairs had been very carelessly arranged with my husband he was again cast loose without any means of support. I believe that then he began to drink—not much, for I never suspected it, but enough to 'give him courage,' as he said afterwards.

"I will not weary you with an account of the next three years. It was in the panic times, and better men than he had nothing to do. He was often from morning to night without food, and when friends would ask him to step in and take a drink I cannot wonder that he, little suspecting danger, would accept. As he has said since, many a friend will offer a man a glass, but not one in ten will ask him to lunch. The habit of drinking grew upon him, till—when he did get a position he could not keep it. He sank very low. Not that he ever drank hard, but liquor made him unfit for business and affected him very quickly. He had been out of business for six months, when a friend of ours told him that he could get him a position in your office if he would solemnly swear not to touch liquor. He had been so steady for some months that I felt sure, with encouragement, he would be a changed man.

"He was accepted by the firm just about a year ago. I remember so well my anxiety that night; for our friend had told us that the last correspondent had eighteen hundred a year, and I felt if only he could be raised above real anxiety he would be so much safer. He came home very happy, for he was accepted. His salary was one thousand dollars, but he felt sure if he did his best he would soon have it increased. He was very happy and hopeful, and though I knew that we had debts that must be paid at once, and that we could no longer live with our relatives, I tried to keep up a brave heart."

"I'm sure you did," Mr. Archer said involuntarily, and his kind tones encouraged the wife to go on with her story.

"You see my husband was always so generous when he had money—so hopeful that he would have more—that though he brought me all his salary, only paying for his monthly commutation ticket and reserving ten cents a day for his lunch, I found it a very hard matter to pay rent and keep the house on his salary, besides trying to pay the debts that now began to trouble him. We had four children,"—the mother's voice would break in spite of her strong will, but she kept the tears back—"perhaps you know we buried our little six-year-old a month ago? The eldest had to be sent to a good school, for our children will have a better position by and by, and must be fitted for it. Still, even though we had great anxiety and struggles, if we had been fortunate in choosing our home in a healthy place I think all might have been well. Unfortunately we were tempted by the cheap rents to hire in a little village in Jersey. They assured us chills were unknown there, but at the end of three months we were all ill. The doctor's bill and the quinine just crushed us, Mr. Archer.

"My husband went to business time and again sick with malarial fever. He gave entire satisfaction, for more work was piled upon him—he wrote such a good hand—but no hint was given of raising his salary. He says it is a mere matter of business, that the firm never knows how many children a man has, or whether he can live on his salary. If he can't, they can get one who can.

"At last our—little—Robbie—no, I know men hate woman's tears, I shall not cry. We could not get quinine, and the fever got such a hold that Robbie died. I don't fret, sir; *he'll* never suffer as we do, and he'll never be driven to drink. I had lost all fear of my husband's drinking, for he had gone again and again to business distressed and half sick and had not tasted a drop, so I thought him cured. But he told me to-day that ever since Robbie went he has been tempted. He has felt so discouraged, so hopeless. At last, two days ago, our baby had chills again. I had just paid our grocer, and there was not a cent left. He said he would borrow a little from a friend who had lent him before. He came home at night without the quinine—his friend had refused him!

"I saw he felt terribly about it, and I walked to the druggist's and bought of him two dollars' worth of quinine, promising to pay soon. But it was too late for my husband. This morning an old comrade met him. He was weak and depressed—he had given up hope of getting out of debt and educating his children properly, and—he took the offered drink!"

At last her strength failed—the poor tired wife and mother burst into tears. In a moment Mrs. Archer was by her side, soothing her with loving words and promising a hundred impossible things, talking between whiles to her husband, who sat conscience-stricken, unable to defend himself against her indignation.

"This is what comes of keeping business and benevolence apart. This comes of looking upon your employees as mere machines. If a poor fellow had been in one of the institutions you uphold you would have been interested in him. His family would have been helped, and he would have been carefully guarded and guided. But here is a man who tries to retrieve himself, who, run down and living in an unhealthy atmosphere, needed for his salvation an adequate income, and you hardly knew he was a married man! Henry, Henry! who was it asked God scornfully, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

By this time Mrs. Clark had grown composed, and was listening in undisguised astonishment and even horror to her new champion. She had the same thoughts, but such things could not be said.

"Oh Mrs. Archer," she said hurriedly, "my husband has said again and again that there is not a firm in the city that is more noted for its large donations—"

"Donations!" put in Mrs. Archer impatiently.

"And that if a clerk is ill, his place is kept for him and his salary goes on."

"To be sure it does—that is mere decent treatment. Every well-to-do house does that, my dear Mrs. Clark. What I complain of is, that too many men and women who are good and kind and generous, like Mr. Archer, yet employ other men and women without taking any interest in their lives, without feeling that, as children of a common Father, as fellow-pilgrims to a better home, we *must* take a warm personal interest in those whom we employ.

"How many ladies know the private history of their servants, take an interest in the mother in the old country, or the brother who has been a little wild but is trying to mend, and who ought to be invited to Mary's warm kitchen evenings and so kept from bad companions? And with gentlemen it is even worse, for their clerks are educated gentlemen like themselves—sometimes better educated than themselves, and yet the heads of the firm seldom or never care whether their clerks are able to educate their children or can afford to save a delicate wife by giving her change of air and rest from anxiety."

"It is very true," said Mr. Archer slowly, "and for my part, whatever Ames and Hancock may think of it, things must be looked after down at the office. I will see your husband myself to-morrow," he added, taking Mrs. Clark's hand in his, "and I ask you to forgive a fellow-sinner—a fellow-Christian. Let Clark be at his desk as usual, and now that we do know one of our clerks' wives, we mean to keep up the acquaintance—don't we, wife?"

"Indeed we do! But what a wretch I've been! Henry, the poor thing is almost fainting! She has come all the way from Jersey, and I don't believe she's dined!"

There was ringing of bells, and hurried orders, and soon Mrs. Clark was seated between her new friends, who had to play at eating a second dinner to keep her in countenance. Then Mr. Archer, tired as he was, decided he would go out to the little Jersey home that very night and have a talk with Mr. Clark. Mrs. Archer could see by the happy look in the wife's eyes that that was just what she most wanted. So the carriage was ordered, and soon the brave woman who had mounted those steps two hours before with such fear, was running lightly down, sure that she was carrying a true friend to her husband, one who would help him to lead a new life.

What passed between the wealthy merchant and his clerk that night is known only to them, but there were mutual confessions, both felt humbled and penitent, and the morrow began a new life with each.

We need not follow them farther. Would that this story, founded on fact, might rouse other noble-minded men to a sense of their duty, to an acknowledgment that they are their brother's keepers—under God.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

THE CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

It was the summer of 1873. I was running extras on the —— Railway. A circus, travelling about the country came into the town on our line. An order was issued for an extra train for Sunday morning. I received notice early on Tuesday morning previous. I read the notice carefully. It gave the time of arrival in our city at 9 a.m. I looked again to see if it was not 9 p.m. I was a teacher in the Sabbath-school. I had a bright class of boys about sixteen years of age, just the right age to be interested in circuses, and to be wide awake when one arrived in town. My heart sank. I, a professing Christian, and, withal, a Sabbath-school teacher, detailed to run a circus train on the Sabbath, and to arrive, too, in my own city, where everybody knew me, just as Christians were ready for church!

What should I do? I had worked hard nearly nine years as a brakeman, and had recently been promoted to a conductor. Could I afford to lose all, by refusal to do as ordered? Then I thought of my family dependent upon me, and I said, I cannot throw away all these years of hard toil, to satisfy conscience; for I expected to be discharged if I refused to do as ordered. Then I thought of the boys in the Sabbath-school. What if some of them should happen to be at the depot to see the train, or if they were just on their way to church as we arrived, and should see me, as they doubtless would! I thought of the church and the prayer-meeting. What should I do? I thought of my own influence as lost for good, and there was a desperate struggle between the evil and good.

I had yet four days in which to decide. How strange it was! Notices did not usually reach us until the day previous. What long, dreary days they seemed! And "the boys" heard of the order, and were guessing what I would do. They knew what I had said in prayer-meeting about desecrating the Sabbath, for some of them were there. 'Would he go, or would he quit?" "No, he would not quit, for he would not dare refuse to go," they said.

Saturday morning came. I must notify the office that day what I would do. Sleepless nights and weary days had passed, and I had thought and prayed, but I decided. Duty seemed clear, very clear, and it was

that a Christian could not run excursion trains on the Sabbath.

My father was a deacon in the Orthodox Church, and, just before going to my work, I went to him and told him the story, reserving my decision to myself, and asking his advice what to do. I knew well what he would say. What a look went over his face as he spoke! "But," I said, "Father, will you help me to get something to do. I shall lose my place. I have devoted nearly my whole life to this business, and now I must turn to something else." "Trust God, my boy," he answered promptly, "and I will help you, too."

I returned to the office and walked up to the manager as he sat, and said in a respectful tone, "I have been detailed to run the circus train Sunday morning, and I cannot do it on the Sabbath."

Imagine my astonishment, as he looked me full in the face and said: "You! been detailed to run Sunday trains! I am surprised! You go right home, and don't you worry about Sunday trains."

I have never been detailed for Sunday work since. But the men who offered to do work for extra pay upon the Sabbath have long since been discharged.—*Conductor, in the Congregationalist.*

BILL STOVER'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

"There, now, Sally Jones, you've just been and gone and told, and spoilt all our fun."

"Told what?" asked the dark-haired, dark-eyed girl thus accused.

"Told about Christmas."

"Me, I ha'n't neither. Ha'n't told a word, so you needn't say I have."

"Ha'n't you, though, honor bright?"

"No. What made you say I had?"

"'Cause father knows. There's something the matter with him."

"Does he scold awful?"

"No, he don't scold any. When he come home last night he was 'most as pale as mother used to be, and he just looked around and asked where you was, and when we told him he didn't say a word. An't you tired 'most to death taking care of that baby?"

"'Course I am, but I'm earning something for Christmas. What you got for supper?"

"Bread and potatoes father brought last night. He had a pitcher of coffee, too, but he didn't give us any. I tell you, though, it smelt good. This morning he asked us if we knew how folks had Christmas, and we told him we read about it in a paper."

"I guess we'll show him. Now I must go. It's only two days more, and then we'll scrub, and wash, and have everything clean. Good-by. Have a good fire when father comes."

Sally Jones was so intent upon her anticipated happiness that she did not observe a man who was approaching her until he called her name. It was Bill Stover, whose whole appearance justified his reputation as being the worst drunkard in town.

"Gone out to work, ha'n't ye?" he said, resting his hands upon the knotty stick he used as a cane.

"I'm taking care of Mrs. Smith's baby," she replied.

"You an't big enough for that; it's too hard work for you. What makes you?"

"'Cause I want to earn some money."

"Where's your father? Ha'n't seen him nowhere. An't he to home?"

"No, sir, and I don't know where he is."

"Well, I guess I can find him. I know where he's likely to be when he an't anywhere else, and I want to see him."

"I wish you wouldn't find him," said Sally with a quivering voice—"I wish you wouldn't."

"Why not, child? I was always friendly to your father. I'd do him a good turn any time."

"Would you, Mr. Stover? Do you really mean it? 'Cause you can."

"Tell what 'tis, and I'll go right about it soon as I can."

"Get him not to drink any more rum. You can, I know, if you try. I'm earning money to make a Christmas, and we'd be so glad if you'd get father not to drink any more rum; will you?" Sally waited for a reply, but as none was made she said sorrowfully: "I hope you won't tell what I said about Christmas, 'cause it's a secret."

Then she hurried on, leaving the drunkard where she had met him: and had she passed again that way in half an hour she would have found him still standing there. He was thinking of the task set for him and of his own wasted life. "Is it too late? Is it too late? Is it too late?"

Three times he repeated this question slowly and emphatically. He looked up to the blue sky and around upon the fair landscape.

"No!" he shouted at length, and turned to retrace his steps.

He was the worst drunkard in town, and when sober he was the best mechanic in town.

"Got anybody to do the job you wanted me for?" he asked not long afterwards, accosting a man who was just harnessing a horse.

"No, I'm going after somebody."

"Needn't go unless you want to: I'll take the job if you'll pay me every night. I know what you think, but you'd better let me begin to-morrow morning on my own terms."

"You may; you may begin now."

No one knew the pledge he had taken; no one knew the effort it cost him to keep faith with himself; but he received his wages regularly, and his employer said he had never worked better. Christmas morning he went to the village store and purchased various articles which the merchant thought could be of no possible use to him, because he was not a family man. From the store he went to the house of Mr. Jones, where he received but a cold welcome.

"Paul, you and I have drinked a good deal of liquor, and I guess we've drinked enough," he said, after a silence of some minutes.

"So do I, Bill," was responded.

"Well, I an't going to drink any more."

"I an't either."

"Let's shake hands on it, and have the children for witnesses."

"Agreed." And the two men clasped hands, while Sally exclaimed:

"There's God to witness, and I'm just as glad as I can be."

"So am I, so am I," sobbed the boys, and there was not a dry eye in the room.

But Bill Stover was resolved to have no crying where he was that day, so he displayed his purchases of the previous evening, giving to each a due portion, and then bustled about, making preparations for the dinner, which Sally Jones, through many happy years, has called "Bill Stover's Christmas Dinner."—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

BETTER THAN SILK.

BY FAITH IRVING.

If there lives a grateful, contented woman on the earth to-day, surely such an one am I. And only yesterday my heart was so full of discontent and sinful repining. The simple fact is, my old striped silk has been worn so long that for some time I have sensitively imagined my acquaintances might recognize my approach by its familiar folds, even from afar off. It has been turned, remodelled and newly draped, each renovation being accompanied by the mental assurance of so soon possessing a new silk that this would speedily take its place as a very respectable second-best. But season after season has passed away, and still the new dress has not been forthcoming. There is only the continued, wearisome cry of hard times, bills yet unpaid, family expenditures increasing, and consequently but little prospect of my being enabled to appear now and then, as all my neighbors present themselves so frequently, in new and fashionable attire.

So when night before last, John—my good, patient husband—told me kindly but decidedly, I must make what I had in the way of dress answer for at least two or three months longer, perhaps it was hardly strange that the effect was somewhat discouraging, and caused me yesterday to reflect on the sad, shady events of life, rather than to realize the innumerable blessings strewn thickly around my path,—so thickly it seems to my grateful heart to-day, that the only wonder is I could ever lose a comforting consciousness of their possession. Some vague, unexpressed sense of certain pleasant surroundings seemed suddenly to flash across my mind last night, when just before retiring I kissed our baby's plump rosy cheek. The darling! He lay sleeping in his crib, a perfect picture of childish innocence and repose.

Our one precious little boy! just two years old a week ago to-day. Well,—it makes my heart throb painfully to write it,—it must have been about midnight, when I was suddenly awakened by a strange, hoarse, laboring sound, as of some one struggling, choking, dying. John on the instant spoke in his calm, reassuring tones, "Don't be alarmed, dear, but I think baby has croup." Yes! a sudden attack of croup in the night. And such a dreadful one! The doctor soon arrived and found us trying every appliance of which we could think for the relief of the poor little sufferer. But relief came so slowly! Why is it that in the midst of such distressing scenes the nervous imagination will so quickly present suggestions, and vividly paint pictures to the disturbed mind which almost paralyze one with apprehension and heart-sinking? Let me but close my eyes for an instant during those long, dark hours of suspense, and I could almost see among the notices of deaths in the daily paper one commencing "Suddenly, at midnight, of croup," but oh! not even my morbid fancies could go any farther, and imagine the dear name and cunning age of our little treasure in such a mournful connection.

How I prayed, implored, ay, promised God, all the night long, and I remember with gratitude now, grace was given me to say, "Yet Thy will be done." Well, the fearful pressure yielded slowly at last; toward daylight the child could breathe with some degree of comfort, and by the time John went to his business this morning the dreadful disease had almost left the little frame it had well nigh conquered. And this afternoon he really tried to play a little. Bless him!

But it is incredible how differently the earth has appeared to me to-day from what it ever has before. Many and many a springtime the grass has been as green and waved as gracefully, the birds have chi cheerily, and best of all, the voices of my children have been as sweet and charming as on this particular day. And yet it was only yesterday I was almost insensible of all these lovely surroundings and quite unhappy,—about what? A mere matter of dress, which to my corrected mind now has become one of the most unimportant matters mentionable. Silk dresses, forsooth! Why, it seems to me I walk the earth to-day a very queen; as Mrs. Stowe would say, still "crowned with the glory of motherhood." What if it had been otherwise, and clad in the sombre garments of mourning, I lamented the loss of the little one so dearly loved? How wonderfully can God by a touch of His powerful, yet tender hand, reveal to us our condition in its true light!

So this is my grateful song of thanksgiving and praise; and, God helping me, it shall be my aim henceforth to recognize and appreciate the myriad blessings constantly showered upon me; and I pray for help to suppress all inclination to repine when little privations come, doubtless for my good.—*Watchman.*

THE PALM TREE.

The Scripture says: "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree." Let us see what this comparison means: "The palm grows not in the depths of the forest or in a fertile loam, but in the desert. Its verdure often springs apparently from the scorching dust. 'It is a friendly lighthouse, guiding the traveller to the spot where water is to be found.' The tree is remarkable for its beauty, its erect, aspiring growth, its leafy canopy, its waving plumes, the emblem of praise in all ages. Its very foliage is the symbol of joy and exultation. It never fades, and the dust never settles upon it. It was, therefore, twisted into the booths of the feast of tabernacles, was borne aloft by the multitude that accompanied the Messiah to Jerusalem, and it is represented as in the hands of the redeemed in heaven. For usefulness, the tree is unrivalled. Gibbon says that the natives of Syria speak of 360 uses to which the palm is applied. Its shade refreshes the traveller. Its fruit restores his strength. When his soul fails for thrist, it announces water. Its stones are ground for his camels. Its leaves are made into couches, its boughs into fences and walls, and its fibres into ropes or rigging. Its best fruit, moreover, is borne in old age; the finest dates being often gathered when the tree has reached a hundred years. It sends too from the same root a large number of suckers, which in time form a forest by their growth. What an emblem of the righteous in the desert of a guilty world! It is not uninstructive to add that this tree, once the symbol of Palestine, is now rarely seen in that country."—*Joseph Angus.*

POVERTY is, except where there is an actual want of food and raiment, a thing much more imaginary than real. The shame of poverty—the shame of being thought poor—is a great and fatal weakness, though arising in this country from the fashion of the times themselves.—*Cobbett.*

IT IS EASY ENOUGH to destroy; and there are always destroyers enough. It requires skill and labor to erect a building; any idle tramp can burn it down. God alone can form and paint a flower; any foolish child can pull it all to pieces.—*Dr. John Monro Gibson.*

Question Corner.—No. 1.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Who was Abimelech?
2. What weapon did David obtain from the priest at Nob?
3. After leaving Nob where did David flee?
4. Where is the cave Adullam?
5. How did David escape from Achish, ki
6. Wl and that all the ?

times to the wilder..
of Zi
9. Where is t ave of Engedi?
10. Why did David spare Saul's life when he found him in the cave of Engedi?
11. What celebrated man died about this time?
12. Who was Abigail?

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 9, 18 was an Amoritish king who was defeated and slain by the Israelites under Moses.

My 1, 3, 2, 7, 8, 16, 14 is supposed to have been originally a province of Media.

My 11, 6, 2, 14, 15 was the son of Japheth, and supposed to have been the forefather of the ancient Thracians.

My 17, 9, 3, 8 was the son of Lamech.

My 12, 14, 15, 15, 6, 3 is the bark of an odoriferous tree, from which came one ingredient of the holy oil.

My 10, 2 was the birthplace of Abraham.

Eternal death is the 5, 14, 18, 13, 15, or just recompense of sin; while eternal life is not a recompense earned by obedience, but a sovereign gift of God.

My 4, 13, 14, 2 is a period of time.

My whole was an exhortation of Paul.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS, IN NO. 23.

265. By Samuel before the battle with the Philistines at Michmash, 1 Sam. xiii. 13, 14.
266. For offering sacrifice himself instead of waiting for Samuel, 1 Sam. xiii. 9, 14.
267. See 1 Sam. xiv. 6, 14.
268. "Cursed be the man that eateth any food until evening, that I may be avenged on my enemies, 1 Sam. xiv. 24.
269. Jonathan, Ishui, Melchishua, Merab, and Michal, 1 Sam. xiv. 49.
270. Abner, he was uncle to the king, 1 Sam. xiv. 50.
271. With the Amalekites, 1 Sam. xv. 1, 3.
272. Because they attacked the children of Israel when they came up out of Egpyt, 1 Sam. xv. 2, 3.
273. He spared Agag and the best of the cattle, 1 Sam. xv. 8, 9.
274. Samuel, 1 Sam. xv. 22.
275. When he reproved him for not destroying all of the Amalekites, 1 Sam. xv. 34, 45.
276. To anoint another king, 1 Sam. xvi. 1.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 23.—Gertie Beckett, 11; David McGhee, 12; Andrew Fraser, 12; Robert M. Grundley, 12.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1880, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON I.

JANUARY 4.]

THE INFANT MESSIAH.—Matt. 2: 1-12.

[About B. C. 4.]

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 7-12.

1. Now when Je-sus was born in Beth-le-hem of Ju-de-a in the days of Her-od the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Je-ru-sa-lem,

2. Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

3. When Her-od the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Je-ru-sa-lem with him.

4. And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

5. And they said unto him, In Beth-le-hem of Judea: for thus it is written by the prophet,

6. And thou Beth-le-hem, in the land of Ju-da, art not the least among the princes of Ju-da: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Is-ra-el.

7. Then Her-od, when he had privily called the wise men, enquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

8. And he sent them to Beth-le-hem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

9. When they had heard the king, they departed; and lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

10. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

11. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

12. And being w[illegible] dream that they should not [illegible]y departed [illegible] to their own [illegible]

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Christ Jesus became man.

INTRODUCTORY.—The events of the lesson occurred after those recorded in Luke 1, Matt. 1, and Luke 2: 1-21—perhaps, even after Jesus' return from Jerusalem (Luke 2: 22-38), when Joseph and Mary may have remained in Bethlehem for some time, yet before their flight into Egypt (vs. 13, 14) and return to Nazareth (vs. 22, 23; see Luke 2; 39).

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Notice how God directed and overruled all things so as to fulfil his purposes.

NOTES.—The book of Matthew, written primarily to Jewish believers in Palestine, probably between A.D. 60 and 66, and perhaps in Hebrew, by Matthew, a publican, son of Alpheus, before conversion, called Levi, one of the twelve disciples. JE-SUS, Saviour, same as Joshua, but specially applied to Christ. BETH-LE-HEM OF JU-DE-A. It means "house of bread." It is about six miles south of Jerusalem; earlier it was called Bethlehem-Ephrath or Ephratah, (Gen. 35: 19; Mic. 5: 2). In it lived the family of David (Ruth 1: 1, 19; 4: 16, 17). Still a thriving town, and the grotto in which Jesus is supposed to have been born is now shown to travellers. HER-OD, the Great, second son of Antipater, an Idumean Jew, appointed king of Judea by the Roman Senate about B.C. 40; rebuilt the temple; adorned Jerusalem and other cities; a crafty, unscrupulous, and unhappy man; reigned with much cruelty till his death, in B.C. 4. WISE MEN FROM THE EAST, or magi, originally, the title of a priestly order at the Persian court and at Babylon, where Daniel was a chief magus (Dan. 2: 48); later the name was applied to astrologers, magicians, etc. (See Acts 8: 9; 13: 8.) What nation of the East they came from is not known. MARY, the virgin wife of Joseph; parents' names unknown; of an ancient family; home at Nazareth, in Galilee.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS. (I.) SEEKING THE MESSIAH. (II.) FINDING HIM. (III.) WORSHIPPING HIM.

I. SEEKING THE MESSIAH. (1-4.) JESUS WAS BORN, most probably in B.C. 4—not 1880, but 1884, years ago; IN THE DAYS, during the reign of, and a short time before, Herod's death; TO JERUSALEM, because the capital of Judea; KING OF THE JEWS, the magi were probably acquainted with the Scriptures (Isa. 9: 6, 7, 40: 1, 2; Num 24: 17, etc.) and traditions of the Jews; STAR, perhaps miraculous, possibly a conjunction of three planets—Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn—in the sign Pisces, together with the appearance of a new star or comet which occurred about this time, and must have been noticed by the magi, but more probably a miraculous appearance of a star; WORSHIP, do homage; CHIEF PRIESTS, the high priest and his predecessors in office, and also the heads of the twenty-four classes of priests (1 Chron. 24: 5; 2 Chron. 36: 14); SCRIBES, intrepreters of the law. It was not a formal meeting of the whole Sanhedrin, but private at Herod's palace.

II. FINDING HIM. (5-8.) BY THE PROPHET, (Micah 5: 2), the quotation is made freely from the Greek version of the Scriptures; PRINCES, or thousands; the Hebrew word in y mean either; each tribe was divided into "chiliads" or thousands; RULE, and feed, as a shepherd (Ps. 23); PRIVILY, secretly; ENQUIRED DILIGENTLY, ascertained exactly; APPEARED, not when it first was seen, but for how long a time it had been seen; BRING ME WORD, or send me word; WORSHIP ALSO, only a pretext; he did not intend to do homage, but to destroy the Christ.

III. WORSHIPPING HIM. (9-12.) DEPARTED, immediately after their interview with Herod; SAW IN THE EAST, had seen in the East whence they came, not in the eastern part of the sky. They travelled at night, as is the custom in the East; WENT . . . CAME . . . STOOD, appeared to do so; OVER WHERE—i.e., over Bethlehem. It did not show them the exact house where Jesus was: this they found by enquiry; REJOICED, because a proof to them that this child was the King they sought; HOUSE, to which the family had removed from the inn-stable (Luke 2: 7) after the town was no longer overcrowded; FELL DOWN, prostrate, the Oriental style of saluting a superior; TREASURES, chests or bags; PRESENTED . . . GIFTS, as was usually done to a distinguished person when visiting him, especially when rendering homage to a ruler; FRANKINCENSE, a fragrant gum of a tree found in India, Arabia, and Persia, used for incense in the temple; MYRRH, similar gum of a shrub found also in Palestine, rare and precious, used in ointment; DEPARTED, withdrew, escaped; ANOTHER WAY, not by the high-road through Jerusalem.

What facts in this lesson teach

(1.) God's providence over all?
(2.) That the Scriptures testify of Christ?
(3.) That God helps and prospers the sincere seeker after truth?
(4.) That he hinders and prevents them that have wrong motives?

LESSON II.

JANUARY 11.]

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT. Matt. 2: 13-23.

[About B. C. 4].

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 19-20.

13. And when they were departed, behold, the angel of the Lord appeareth to Jo-seph in a dream, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into E-gypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word; for Her-od will seek the young child to destroy him.

14. When he arose, he took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into E-gypt.

15. And was there until the death of Her-od: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Out of E-gypt have I called my son.

16. Then Her-od, when he saw that he was [illegible]ked of the wise men, was exceeding wroth, [illegible]ent forth, and slew all the children that [illegible] in Beth-le-hem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old under, according to the time which he had diligently enquired of the wise men.

17. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jer-e-my, the prophet saying,

18. In Ra-ma was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Ra-chel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.

19. But when Her-od was dead, behold, an angel of the Lord appeareth in a dream to Jo-seph in E-gypt,

20. Saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel: for they are dead which sought the young child's life.

21. And he arose, and took the young child and his mother, and came into the land of Is-ra-el.

22. But when he heard that Ar-che-la-us, did reign in Ju-de-a in the room of his father Her-od, he was afraid to go thither; notwithstanding, being warned of God in a dream, he turned aside into the parts of Gal-i-lee:

23. And he came and dwelt in a city called Naz-a-reth: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, He shall be called a Naz-a-rene.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word. Matt. 2: 13.

—:o:—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Prophecy is fulfilled in Christ.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—The events of this lesson follow in close connection upon those of the previous one in the narrative, though, actually, some days probably intervened between the departure of the wise men and the flight into Egypt.

NOTES.—ANGEL OF THE LORD, same as in Matt. 1: 20; Gen. 16: 7, 9; Ex. 32: 34; Isa. 63: 9; more specifically named in Luke 1: 19; and Dan. 8: 16. JO-SEPH, Mary's husband (1: 24), a devout Jew (1: 19), lineally descended from King David (1: 1-16), though living in poor circumstances (Luke 2: 24; see Lev. 12: 3) as a carpenter or worker in wood (13: 55; see Mark 6: 3). He probably died before Jesus grew to manhood (John 19: 26, 27). E-GYPT, the ancient, rich, and fertile country occupying the north-east corner of Africa, along the river Nile, and extending to the very borders of Palestine. Joseph, son of Jacob, was sold into bondage there; then became chief officer of the kingdom (Gen. 41: 39-44). Israel was in was in bondage there for several centuries, until brought to Canaan through Moses and Joshua (Exodus). From that time it is often mentioned in Scripture; large numbers of Jews lived there, and even had a temple of their own. After B.C. 30 it was subject to Rome. HER-OD AND BETH-LE-HEM, see former Lesson. RA-MA, an ancient fortress, six miles north of Jerusalem, in the tribe of Benjamin (Jer. 40: 1). RA-CHEL (Gen. 29: 16-31), daughter of Laban, wife of Jacob, mother of Joseph (Gen. 30: 23, 24) and Benjamin (Gen. 35: 16-18), the representative of the mothers of Juda bereaved of their infants. AR-CHE-LA-US, oldest of the three sons of Herod among whom the kingdom was divided after the latter's death. Archelaus received Judea, Idumea, and Samaria. GAL-I-LEE, north of Samaria, and under the dominion of Herod Antipas. NAZ-A-RETH, a mountain-town in Galilee, about midway between the Sea of Galilee and the Mediterranean; in Christ's time it had about 10,000 inhabitants, now has some 3,000; the home of Joseph, Mary, and Jesus.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS. (I.) THE FLIGHT. (II.) THE RAGE OF HEROD. (III.) THE RETURN.

I. THE FLIGHT. (13-15.) IN A DREAM, (see 1: 20; 2: 22), a vision during sleep; ARISE, from sleep immediately (see v. 14 "by night"); BY NIGHT, for greater secrecy; travelling by night is not uncommon in the East; WAS THERE, in what part of Egypt is not known; tradition says at *Mataria, near Leontopolis, or at Memphis*; DEATH OF HEROD, in the same year of the flight, B.C. 4. If they returned immediately after his death, their stay in Egypt was only for a few months; PROPHET (Hos. 11: 1), applied primarily to the exodus of Israel (Ex. 4: 22, etc.).

II. THE RAGE OF HEROD. (16-18.) HEROD, see Notes, Lesson I; SAW, knew, became aware by the failure of the magi to return to him with news of Christ (see vs. 8, 12); MOCKED, literally, made a fool of, outwitted; WROTH, angry; SENT FORTH, probably in secret (see v. 7), hiring bands of robbers to do the work that his agency in it might not be publicly seen; CHILDREN, "male children;" COASTS THEREOF, the neighboring country; TWO YEARS AND UNDER, etc., the duration of the star's appearance, as told him by the magi (v. 7), was probably considerably less than two years; some time must have elapsed since their visit; he set so long a time to make sure of including the child Jesus, who, he took for granted, had not been born before the first appearance of the star, and therefore at the very most could not be two years old; JEREMY Jeremiah (Jer. 31: 15); primarily spoken of the Babylonish captivity; RAMA . . RACHEL, see Notes.

III. THE RETURN. (19-23). WHEN . . DEAD, see v. 15; ISRAEL i.e., Palestine, without defining any particular part of it; THEY ARE DEAD, scriptural language is used (Ex. 4: 19), and it refers to Herod; JUDEA, he had intended returning to Bethlehem *in Judea, although their home was at Nazareth*; AFRAID, thinking that the son would carry out his father's plans; NOTWITHSTANDING, but, however; BEING WARNED, implying that he had asked for direction; TURNED ASIDE, went; same word as "departed into" of v. 14; PARTS, regions, within the limits; under the government of Herod Antipas, brother of Archelaus; GALILEE, see Notes; DWELT, took up his residence; NAZARETH, see Notes; THE PROPHETS, no particular ones are referred to or quoted; the general sense of prophecy concerning Jesus is given.

What truths teach us in this lesson

(1.) The duty and blessedness of simple obedience to God?
(2.) That God fulfils all prophecy?
(3.) The wickedness to which selfish ambition may lead?
(4.) The uselessness of striving against God's will?

WISE MEN'S VISIT.
WARNINGS FROM GOD.
WICKEDNESS OF HEROD.
KEEPING OF MOTHERS.
WORD TO RETURN.

THE *MESSENGER'S* NEW DRESS.

The MESSENGER is quite proud of its new dress, not the one it ended the year with, for that was a second-hand dress, which was merely adopted while the new one was being made. It begins the new year with a brand new dress. Does it not look pretty? and is not the MESSENGER much more easily read with it? The MESSENGER has made arrangements to keep this dress always new, and to that end will keep it away from the ink, type and press altogether. It has determined that iron iron jaws and grinding wheels of the press will not deface its beauty.

"But how can this be done? How can you print from type and still not go near the press, MESSENGER?"

These questions can easily be answered. By a process which modern ingenuity has discovered, an exact reprint of a page of type (called a "form") can be made in copper, and this is placed in the press and printed from, while the type remains uninjured. This process is called electrotyping, and the MESSENGER will be electrotyped in future, and its new dress ever be kept new.

The MESSENGER now makes its bow in its new dress, and hopes that during the year 1880 (how old it is getting!—this is its fifteenth birthday!) it will be much better liked than ever before.

NOTICE.

Subscribers to this paper will find the date their subscription terminates printed after the name. Those expiring at the end of the present month will please have the remittances mailed in time.

THE NEW YEAR.

The MESSENGER wishes every reader a happy and prosperous New Year for 1880.

PROSPECTS FOR 1880.

If the present rate of increase in subscriptions for the MESSENGER continues for a few weeks longer we will have NINETY THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS to begin the year with! Is not this a pleasing announcement? We think so; but you will notice it begins with an "if." "If" our workers do their very best during the Christmas week and January, the MESSENGER will have, perhaps, the largest circulation of any paper of any kind in this whole continent. Volunteers, prize-winners, friends of all kinds, will you please make one united and extra effort to accomplish this result. Your efforts have had the result of improving the MESSENGER very much, as this number shows. Who knows what additional improvements might not be made if the circulation were doubled!

A LETTER ABOUT THE NEW DRESS —VOLUNTEERS AND PRIZES.

The following letter, dated November 12th, is from a worker in Middlebury, Connecticut, U. S:.

"GENTLEMEN,—I have just received your package of NORTHERN MESSENGERS for Dec. 15. I am very much pleased with the change you have made in them. I think subscribers will appreciate it very much indeed. And I think that the old type was a great drawback. I think many more will take it now.

"I was very pleased with your offer to volunteers, and would very much like to join your regiment and become an officer; I shall work very hard to obtain an office. I have quite a number of subscribers now.

"Will you please send me a prize list. You give very good prizes. Your paper is highly spoken of here in town. I shall try my best to do something for it. Wishing you good success,

"I remain yours truly,
"LOUIS L. BARTON."

We have already had several offers of volunteers, and it must be remembered that this is written before the whole of last edition has been mailed; so there is every evidence that we will very shortly have a regiment of volunteer officers. We hope it may be so.

THE CLUB RATES for the "MESSENGER" when sent to one address, are as follows:—1 copy, 30c; 10 copies, $2.50; 25 copies, $6; 50 copies, $11.50; 100 copies, $22; 1,000 copies, $200. J. DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS, $3.00 a year, post-paid.

MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS, $1.10 a year, post-paid.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal, Q.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

EPPS' COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may gradually be built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." *Civil Service Gazette.*—Sold only in packets labelled—"James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

The NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at Nos. 35 and 37 Bonaventure street, Montreal, by JOHN DOUGALL & SON, composed of John Dougall, of New York and John Redpath Dougall and J. D. Dougall, of Montreal.